





## The Horse.

### A SINGULAR RULING.

One of our State exchanges, we forget which, recently contained the following: "The horse 'Heppo,' owned by Morey Bros., of Reading, was protested last fall at the county fair as not being a thoroughbred or registered Norman, in consequence of which his case had to go before the board of directors at their annual session. In the proceedings of the board at their session last week, we find the following action was taken:

"In the matter of protest of premiums awarded to the get of the draft horse Heppo, on motion of Mr. Fitzsimmons it was voted that registry in the American Stud Book of the sire be considered a full requirement of our rules as to registry or pedigree in draft classes."

The horse referred to was probably of Percheron, not Norman blood, and the Stud Book the American Percheron. But what kind of a ruling is it which decides a half-blood animal as meeting the requirements of a rule calling for a registered or thoroughbred? Should a society be less careful with draft horses than with thoroughbreds, or with cattle?

### Horses on the Farm.

Prof. A. J. Cook, in the *Philadelphia Press*, gives his opinion on the subject of raising horses for use on the farm.

Among the excellent practical addresses given the present winter before the Wisconsin Farmers' Institute is one by Mr. Drew, of Baraboo, on "The Horse," which so accords with my view that I wish to comment on it. Could I have heard Mr. Drew a few years ago it would have been money in my pocket.

Mr. Drew shows that the first cost of raising a grade Percheron or Shire horse is not so much as in raising Hambletonians or other trotting breeds. He gives facts to show that to grow one of the former costs no more than to grow one of the latter, and no more than to grow a good cow or steer to the same age. He then shows by actual statistics that while there is a ready sale for the high grade draught horses at four and five years of age at from \$200 to \$250, there is little demand for the roadsters at half the money. He made the startling assertion that while to-day, in his county—Sauk—he knew of no large horses for sale, they had all gone at large figures, yet he would agree to furnish three carloads of small—1,000 pound horses in less than three days.

Mr. Drew emphasized the import need of exercise for breeding mares. He thought regular work on the farm, with gentle treatment, better for the mares than quiet. He also urged that the mares during gestation and lactation be fed no corn, but liberally with bran and oats. The young colts should also be similarly fed and exercised.

When I commenced farming I had some good mares—roadsters—which weighed 1,000 to 1,100 pounds. As one of the best studs of Hambletonians in the United States was near by, I commenced to breed this class of animals. I now have several colts, ranging from a few months to six years of age; handsome, gay, fine travelers, and very pleasant to handle. But though costing simply in prospect \$35 each, I doubt if I could get more than \$150 for any of them. Of course they may, some of them, be very speedy, but how will I find it out? The probability is that all are simply good, roadsters. I believe if I had commenced with Percherons I should have been several hundreds of dollars better off to-day. I have commenced now to breed the heavy horses and am sure that Mr. Drew is giving just the right advice. I keep four horses to do my farm work, all mares. I aim to have two foal early in the spring and the other late in the fall. The former do the hard fall work, the latter the heavy work of spring. By care I find this colt-raising in no wise interferes with the work. I also find that the fall colt often nearly catches up with the one of the previous spring. The colt with its mother runs during winter in a large box stall, and soon learns to eat heartily of ensilage, bran and oats, which are given very liberally to its dam. In the spring it is weaned and turned out to good pasture, and it just more than grows.

### Will Ensilage From Corn Podder Cause Mares to Abort?

Ensilage is valuable for feeding to neat stock of all kinds, but there is a difference of opinion as to whether it is suitable for feeding to mares while carrying their foals or not. Some who have experimented with ensilage have reported that it caused the death of some of their animals. This result may have been due to some poisonous substance which found its way to the ensilage pit. In some cornfields a large number of blighted ears will be found, which have the appearance of smut. These are undoubtedly injurious to all kinds of stock, and might prove fatal to horses if eaten in the ensilage. It is believed by some that dry corn fodder will produce abortion if fed as a constant diet. Several cases of this kind have recently occurred in the west. It is hardly safe to experiment much with ensilage, especially upon mares whose produce is likely to prove valuable. There is probably no better diet for a brood mare than well-cured timothy hay, sound oats and sweet wheat bran. The proportion of the latter that can be used to advantage varies with different animals, and depends considerably whether the hay was early or late cut. One object in feeding bran is to keep the bowels moderately loose. Late cut hay has a constipating tendency, hence a large quantity of bran can be used profitably with such than with that cut early, which has a tendency to relax the bowels. Mares carrying foals should have daily exercise. They can be driven and worked moderately by a careful person without danger of injury, but no one should be permitted to ride upon their backs. Many cases of abortion are caused by turning the mare too short, as in entering a narrow stall placed at right angles to the walls with but little space in the rear. There is more danger of injury from turning short when out of the shafts than when hitched to a sleigh or buggy.—*American Cultivator*.

And now science fills the decaying teeth of horses, and saves them from much suffering. Dentistry will be a necessity to the future veterinarian.

### Horse Gossip.

MR. WALTER HIGGINS, of Jackson, has sold to Dr. W. A. Gibson, same place, the three-year-old Billy Beta, by Teumess, dam by Happy Medium. Price, \$300.

D. E. HICKLEY, of Owosso, has purchased of A. C. Shepard, Saginaw City, the bay trotting gelding Gardiner, which has won local fame as a fast and reliable horse.

WM. GOODRICH, of Ionia, has sold to James J. Baird, Lansing, the chestnut mare Lady Star, by Masterode 595, dam by the Goodrich Horse; also Billy Nellie G. by Montgomery 3512, dam Lady Star as above. Price for the two, \$500.

THE English thoroughbred stallion Swillington has been purchased for importation by James Surget, of Natchez, Miss. Swillington is five years old, and was sired by Hermit, the most popular of English sires, and his dam was Stockwater by Stockwell.

A BILL has been introduced in the Senate by Senator Blackburn to prohibit all kinds of betting in Washington, outside of the racetrack. The Senator seems to want a monopoly in betting. How could the law declare the same thing a crime on one side of a fence and legal on the other? It would be both unjust and absurd.

SENATOR HEARST, of California, has leased for two years the services of the Select Clydesdale Stud Book of Scotland, and the character of horses admitted to record in its pages. This Stud Book had a beginning from the fact that many of the owners of Clydesdales in Scotland were barred out of the Clydesdale Stud Book by its rules, and they started the "Select" book so as to give standing to their horses in the eyes of foreign buyers. Undoubtedly many of the horses so recorded are well bred; but others are under a cloud, and the association of the two of course degrades the standing of those which have established records. Of course the "Select" men talk about "individual merit," "careful examination by committees," etc., but all the same they have to sell their horses cheaper, because not eligible to the stud book recognized as "regular."

THE standard bred trotting stallion Manchester 3202, was brought into this State by the late James Moore, of Milford, Oakland Co. He is a bay horse, foaled in 1881, and sired by Enchanter 468, a son of Administrator 357; dam, Oriole, by Governor 3109; g. dam, Fanny Hawkins by Hambletonian 10; g. g. dam, Jenny Lind, by Bay Richmond Jr.; g. g. g. dam, Post Boy, a son of Duror; g. g. g. g. dam, by Cock of the Rock. Manchester was bred by the Powell Brothers, of Springboro, Pa., and is a valuable horse both for his make up and breeding. He is now for sale, and if you want a good horse as well as a well bred one, here is your opportunity, as he will be disposed of at a reasonable price. Manchester was selected by Mr. Moore after a careful examination, and was intended to be a fixture on his farm. He has been well handled and cared for; and should make a valuable horse in any part of the State.

### Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any one of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 151 Pearl St., New York

## The Farm.

### MEETING OF LEBANON FARMERS' CLUB.

LEBANON, Jan. 14, 1888.  
Jay Sessions, the retiring president, made a few remarks before introducing Cornelius Grove, the newly elected president. He spoke of the benefits derived from these meetings during the past year; he considered the grange a great benefit to the farmers, but these open meetings are capable of accomplishing more good; advised the members to be more earnest and aggressive the coming year than they have been in the past.

Cornelius Grove, on taking the chair, said we shouldn't consider any question too great for us to discuss, we have the brain for great questions. Must have steady application to be benefited by such an organization. Grangers, by not discussing politics, were put into a bag and the bag tied up. We should have courage to argue all questions.

The following was unanimously adopted: Resolved, That we tender to Jay Sessions, our late president, a vote of thanks for his able and impartial manner in presiding over this society.

"Brain versus muscle on the farm," by C. F. Gillman, came next, but as he was absent the discussion was opened by Jay Sessions: Both are alike necessary, he said, but the brain power is too often depreciated on the farm. A well developed brain is as necessary to success on the farm as in any other occupation. The farmer has to deal with nature, therefore he must understand the sciences. If farmers understood botany they never would fall into the erroneous notion that wheat turns to chaff. So to be good stock breeders they must understand the laws which govern life and development.

H. Winans—I can prove that wheat turns to chaff, and propose to do so every time a doubt within a year. Don't put brain enough into farming. Now fangled machinery is a nuisance.

M. Grove—Farmers need to know the law of health. Too much quackery in doctoring animals.

C. Grove—The brain and muscle must work together; our own experiments are valuable and necessary in order to arrive at correct conclusions.

Question box: "Should butter be colored?"

F. Abbott—Good to sell, but don't care to eat it.

### Jay Sessions—If coloring is not detrimental to health and improves sale should be colored.

May Warner—Opposed to all adulteration. H. Winans—Opposed to fraud in any form.

Mrs. Freeman—A good way to color is to grate up carrots and put into the butter.

M. Grove—Can see no harm in it. "What is the matter with cream when it won't make butter?"

S. A. Brooks—Feeding cows salt makes a great difference about churning.

C. Grove—Feeding a cow a teaspoonful of copperas once a week will bring the butter; opposed to coloring because it is deception.

H. N. Blakeslee—All depends on the care given the cows.

"How deep should corn be cultivated?"

Jay Sessions—Favor thorough shallow cultivation with spring tooth harrow.

H. N. Blakeslee—Depends on the season. "Social development of our children."

Mrs. A. Freeman—As the twig is bent the tree is inclined. If we wish children to be polite, parents must set the example. If a child hears nothing but coarseness at home, will be so in society.

Jane Gillespie—If every parent would give children proper training at home they will appear properly in society.

Jay Sessions—Don't believe much in fine, formal rules of etiquette, but want children to have well developed minds and appear natural and easy. Want such a social development as will build up good society about us.

C. Grove—It is easy for some people to be sociable, while with others it is very difficult.

Adjourned till Saturday, January 28.

JAY SESSIONS, Secretary.

Silo and Ensilage.

The West Michigan Farmers' Club met at the farm of Hon. M. L. Sweet on the 24th ult., to inspect his silo. What the members present saw, and what they thought about it, is thus reported by the Grand Rapids *Engle*: The silo is a building with eight feet of stone wall about six feet under ground, with a wooden structure thereon of about ten foot posts, divided into two silos of 16x16 inside measure, built of eight inch studding boarded up outside with flooring, and inside with grooved and matched two inch plank; with an opening covered by a door in each gable and doors in each silo extending from the eaves to the sill; these doors made in sections so as to open as the ensilage is removed from the top. These doors open into a shed convenient for carrying the ensilage in baskets to the calves and cows. The ensilage is made of green ear: corn cut into half-inch lengths, carried by an elevator or carrier in the gable-end doors and trodden down firmly. After the building was filled each room was covered by plank and weighted with stone sufficient to press upon the ensilage and keep out the air so far as possible. There was one silo filled and the other had perhaps four feet in it from which the daily rations were taken from the whole surface. By forcing the hand into the mass four inches it was found to be warm.

Mr. Frank Sweet kindly answered all the questions propounded to him and produced milk to show that there was no taint in that from the feed, which has a very slightly acid smell. He also caused hay to be given his milk cows and immediately following that a ration of ensilage to show with what avidity they would take the ensilage. They would leave the thin hay for the green food and each animal would look anxious for its turn to be fed.

A silo 16x16x22 when filled and weighted would settle probably four feet—perhaps more—if four feet, Mr. Sweet would have in one of his silos 19,000 cubic feet. The estimate varies from forty to fifty pounds to the cubic foot, owing probably to what proportion of the silo you extract your cubic foot, for weighing. This would give him 760,000 pounds in each silo.

The expense of the silo was \$500, complete. This would carry out the idea that the cheapest storage, ton for ton, is a silo. In the discussion which followed on the return of the club to headquarters, Secretary Fuller said:

"In this country all kinds of fodder material have been experimented with, and all kinds of silos built, with more or less weighting, until the building and filling has largely ceased to be experimental, and the success which has attended each trial is really phenomenal. It is very rare that a failure is reported, and it is rare that after an experimental silo is built an additional one is not constructed; the cry of the owner is for more.

"The best corn to raise is still a question, and probably always will be. We have raised Virginia corn, because we could grow more to the acre; one single acre yielded us 61,500 pounds. The growth was so enormous as to excite remark by all who saw it. We prepare our ground by fall plowing, as far as practicable, and plant in drills four feet apart. The amount of seed is a matter of opinion. There seems to be a growing opinion that the best matured stocks that will bear an ear, showing perfection in growth, is best, but this is entirely unsettled, as well as to kind of corn. But corn seems agreed upon. Last year it cost fifty-ninety cents per ton to gather the crop and weight the silo and complete the job, calling it fifty pounds weight to the cubic foot. This year it cost more. The crop was lighter and the breaking of the machinery increased the expense. No two will make the same expense in doing the same work. Our cows do first rate, like the feed. The milk is superior. The butter is not only as good as spring butter, but highly colored. There is no objection to the food in any way, so far as we have used it."

In reply to a question relative to the difference between "sweet" and "sour" ensilage, Mr. Fuller said:

"Of course, opinions differ in regard to sweet ensilage and sour ensilage; though the words hardly seem appropriate so far as my experience goes, as the sweet does not seem sweet, nor the sour, sour. The cattle eat both with the avidity ever shown for green food. In filling silos regularly the heat will not rise to above about seventy degrees, but if you fill one day and wait about three days the heat will rise up to 135 degrees, about. This latter has 'sweet' and is called sweet ensilage. Have never tried to make it. Mr. Smith, of Vermont, and others highly commended it. Have never fed it to any other than neat cattle. Have seen hogs fed on it as part of daily ration, that liked it and with their other food seemed to do it well. It is a green food that will probably be good for any animal. By filling slowly and allowing the last day's work to stand three days it will heat to about thirty-five degrees, and that takes out the heat and allows us then to fill again, and in another three days it will heat. When filled rapidly the ensilage does not heat, and remains, if properly covered, without heating. The first is sweet ensilage, as I said before.

The subject is to be continued at the next meeting, as those present seemed deeply interested in it.

That Cheap Farm Fence.

WILLIAMSTON, Jan. 19, 1888.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I saw in your issue of Jan. 2d an article from the *N. Y. Tribune* entitled "A Cheap Fence," and while I believe some such fence could be built at a saving to farmers in localities where fence material is scarce, I would like to ask E. B. Gilbert, the correspondent of the *Tribune*, to make the building process a little plainer. Perhaps I am blind, for I don't understand whether he means to plow several times around and throw up a back furrow several inches high; lay a wall on that one foot high, clear out two ditches on each side and throw the dirt over and on the wall until it is covered, then lay a narrower wall on that six inches high, then a rail on that with stakes set and a pole or rider on that. If I have got the right construction of it, I can't see a fence much over three feet high. Then what effect would freezing and thawing have on such a wall built on a raised loose foundation? Perhaps some reader of your paper has had experience in building such a fence and will tell us more about it.

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### Seed Corn.

S. B. Mann, formerly of Lenawee County, this State, but now a resident of Kansas, writes to the *Wichita Eagle* as follows:

The belief long prevalent among farmers of the east that the tip end of the ear was not good to plant; but that theory has been abandoned now almost wholly by the more observing men of the times. There have been many careful tests made by planting a plat of ground with the tip end of the ear, another from the middle and still another from the big end, and the same soil, date of planting, and same treatment all through the season has always failed to produce any satisfactory results as to showing any difference so far as the seed is concerned.

One year's trial gave the advantage to the tip, the next trial was likely to give it to some other part of the ear, and so on.

The only plausible theory I can see is that the larger the grain the more nourishment it will furnish the germ till it can throw out its roots and get it from the soil and atmosphere, hence if that supply be small or poor in quality the young plant must needs be feeble and makes a slow start, and comes on far behind that that had a better supply. But there are so many other influences to bear on the young plant that it is hard to determine any positive cause for a single failure. If the same result is found to follow a series of experiments under different seasons' trials it is safe to build theories on it. It is safe to conclude, however, that the better the seed the better the chances for a good crop.

Few farmers are as careful about this as their interests demand. Too much care cannot be exercised in this matter. If the farmer will go into the best corn in his field and carefully select the earliest ears that are finely and perfectly developed, being particular that they are filled out clear to the tip end of the cob with perfect corn—and if he can get such ears from stalks bearing two all the better—and pick it off as soon as it is well out of the milk, husk and dry it thoroughly clear through the cob before it is cold enough to freeze, he can always count surely on its germinating, and, if well filled out as stated above, so that the cob is all covered at the end, he need not go to the trouble to shell off any of it, it will all grow vigorously and stand much more of excessive drought or wet than if picked hap-hazard from his crib at planting time.

Very late corn can be made very much earlier and improved in a great many ways by this method after a few years of care and attention to these points.

Select such ears for seed as are nearest to your ideal of a perfect ear of corn every year as long as you raise corn, and instead of your corn running out and requiring a change of seed, you will find it growing better every year.

I would object, seriously, to planting the old flint varieties in order to get better corn. Those varieties yield much less shelled corn to the acre, are much harder to husk and hard for stock to eat. There are now many varieties of dent corn just as early as the flint and the cob breaks off much easier in husking, and the stocks are better for fodder. Let any man try the two side by side and he will soon be convinced. Farmers of northern Ohio and Michigan have given this matter attention, and the reliable seedmen in those States can furnish any amount of such seed corn. I will mention the Leamington as a good one, though not so early as the Golden Dent or the Lenawee Golden Dent, or the Whitecap Dent; and there are, no doubt, others very desirable and all preferable to the flint varieties.

The Cooley or Submerged System Makes Perfect Butter.

Prof. L. B. Arnold at a recent meeting of the New York Dairywomen's Association, said:

"Previous to the holding of the Bay State Fair in Boston last fall, no public exhibit of butter had ever been marked as perfect by the judges.

"At that fair one was sample so marked, and three others were placed in that rank at the dairy fair in New York last spring. These are the only instances of the kind ever known. There is a lesson in the history of these samples. All were made in the same way. The cream was raised by intense refrigeration, the milk and sweet cream kept excluded from the air, and so cold as to prevent any advance toward souring or ripening until enough was obtained for a churning. It was then warmed to the churning temperature and kept frequently and thoroughly stirred till acidity was apparent.—*Country Gentleman*

### Agricultural Items.

There are 22 silos in the township of Deerfield, Mass., and every one of them a success.

It is alleged that manufacturers of lead have used fifty million pounds of cotton seed oil for adulterating lead during the past year.

An Ohio farmer thinks hedge fences are good for that State, but that the companies that put them out are too costly for the average farmer.

Horse dentistry is becoming quite a science and many special instruments have been invented for the benefit of equine patients. Decayed teeth of horses are filled with gutta percha.

ONE of the best suggestions we have seen anywhere is that "Every farmer should grow his own feeding stuffs on his own farm." To do so makes farming fairly profitable in bad times.

M. L. SWEET, of Grand Rapids, has lumps of quarried rock salt placed in the manger of each of his Holsteins, a method of salting which is recommended by many. The salt costs \$12 per ton in Chicago, and a ton makes 520 bars.

A VERMONT man who drags on his potato crops says he selects small sized, smooth, round potatoes that have not sprouted for seed, cuts once or twice the same day in plants, and plants by hand. He prefers fall plowing, likes early varieties best, and plants in hills.

DRINKING the whole milk, says a prominent stockman, makes fine fat calves, but calves raised on skim milk and oatmeal and bran, if not so sleek at eight months old, have a better start in bone and muscle and beat the more pampered calf at two years of age. It is a waste of cash product to feed a calf whole milk after its rennet stomach changes so as to call for solid food, and it is a mistake to feed it after it is ten days old. Warm milk and a little oatmeal is much better.

H. H. HAAFF, who has so vigorously advocated the propriety of dehorning cattle, and who has published a book on the subject which he furnishes the public "for a consideration," tells the *Orange County Farmer* that one of his "disciples" has dehorned 25,000 head of cattle "this fall and winter."

A moment's calculation proves that Mr. Haaff in making this assertion tells what simply cannot be true. If a man worked every day for half a year—leap year at that—of 183 days, Sundays included, he would have to knock the horns off 136 animals every day during that period. Either Mr. Haaff's reputation for veracity, nor the sale of that book, will be enhanced by such exaggerations.

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### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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**MICHIGAN FARMER**  
DETROIT, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1888.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-  
office as second class matter.

**WHEAT.**

The receipts of wheat in this market  
the past week amounted to 60,154 bu., against  
43,596 bu. the previous week, and 187,197  
bu. for corresponding week in 1887. Ship-  
ments for the week were 753 bu. against  
9,832 bu. the previous week, and 18,636 bu.  
the corresponding week in 1887. The stocks  
of wheat now held in this city amount to  
1,139,073 bu., against 1,276,597 bu. last week  
and 2,728,738 bu. at the corresponding date  
in 1887. The visible supply of this grain on  
Jan. 28 was 41,761,081 bu. against 42,361-  
250 the previous week, and 61,894,712  
for the corresponding week in 1887. This  
shows a decrease from the amount reported  
the previous week of 600,169 bushels. As  
compared with a year ago the visible sup-  
ply shows a decrease of 20,133,631 bu.

The week closes with a firmer feeling  
than for some days past, with values at  
about the same range as on Monday, but  
showing a decline from the previous Sat-  
urday on both spot and futures. European  
markets were dull early in the week, with  
more wheat offering than was needed. A  
war scare was started on Thursday which  
made those with "short" contracts on hand  
anxious, and they began buying quite ac-  
tively. It was this which started up mar-  
kets on this side of the Atlantic on Friday  
and kept them firm on Saturday.

The following table exhibits the daily closing  
prices of spot wheat in this market from  
Jan. 10th to Jan. 28th, inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Jan. 14.	88	87	86
15.	88	87	86
16.	88	87	86
17.	88	87	86
18.	88	87	86
19.	88	87	86
20.	88	87	86
21.	88	87	86
22.	88	87	86
23.	88	87	86
24.	88	87	86
25.	88	87	86
26.	88	87	86
27.	88	87	86
28.	88	87	86

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the  
various dates each day of the past week were  
as follows:

	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May
Monday.	84 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2
Tuesday.	84 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2
Wednesday.	84 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2
Thursday.	84 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2
Friday.	84 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2
Saturday.	84 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2

Sales of wheat in this market during the  
past week aggregated 1,921,000 bu., includ-  
ing both spot and futures, against 2,351,000  
bu. the previous week. Speculation was  
largely confined to May wheat.

Reports from Northern Ohio and Tennes-  
see are to the effect that wheat on the  
ground is not looking well.

Freights have declined so that wheat can  
be shipped from Chicago to Liverpool for  
about 18c per bu.

A correspondent of *Dornbush*, an English  
trade circular, is of opinion that wheat in  
the United Kingdom at the close of Febru-  
ary will not exceed 64,000,000 bu.

Australia will have from 300,000 to 400,000  
tons of wheat to spare for Europe, but  
freights are scarce and high. Holders are  
not encouraged by the low prices ruling in  
Europe, and the shipments thus far have  
been small.

In Germany the weather has been cold,  
but the winter grain is covered by snow, and  
its condition is satisfactory, according to of-  
ficial reports.

have been 24,400,000, including 12,640,000  
bushels to the United Kingdom, 11,760,000 to  
the Continent. The wheat on passage from  
India Jan. 18 was estimated at 708,000 bu.  
One year ago the quantity was 3,704,000 bu.

The estimated receipts of foreign and  
home-grown wheat in the English markets  
during the week ending January 28 were  
355,040 bu. more than the estimated  
consumption; and for the eight weeks end-  
ing Jan. 14 the receipts are estimated to  
have been 2,177,480 bu. more than the con-  
sumption. The receipts show an increase  
of 7,244,600 bu., as compared with the cor-  
responding eight weeks in 1886-1887.

The Liverpool market on Saturday was  
quoted dull with quite free offerings. Quota-  
tions for American wheat areas follows: No. 2  
winter, 6s. 7d. @ 6s. 8d. per cental; No. 2  
spring, 6s. 7d. @ 6s. 8d.; California No. 1  
9s. 8d. @ 6s. 10d.

**CORN AND OATS.**

The receipts of corn in this market the  
past week were 3,118 bu., against 5,305  
bu. the previous week, and 32,197 bu. for the  
corresponding week in 1887. Shipments for  
the week were 15,899 bu., against 19,653 bu.  
the previous week, and 40,975 bu. for the  
corresponding week in 1887. The visible  
supply of corn in the country on Jan. 28  
amounted to 7,134,733 bu. against 6,677,034  
bu. the previous week, and 16,251,898 bu.  
at the same date in 1887. The visible supply  
shows an increase during the week indicated  
of 457,699 bu. The stocks now held in this  
city amount to 56,631 bu. against 76,514 bu.  
last week and 90,070 bu. at the corres-  
ponding date in 1887. As compared with a  
year ago the visible supply shows a de-  
crease of 9,117,165 bu. Corn has ruled  
stronger the past week, and sellers have  
been able to obtain an advance of a fraction  
over the prices current a week ago. No. 2 is  
selling at 51 1/2c per bu., and No. 3 at 51c.

Nothing doing in this market in a specula-  
tive way. At Chicago the week closed with  
corn quiet and steady, and prices on futures  
about 3/4c lower than a week ago. There is  
nothing of importance to note in the out-  
look in that market. The market closed here  
with No. 2 at 48c and No. 3 at 47c for Fe-  
bruary delivery, and 52 1/2c for May. By  
sample corn sold at 49 1/2c for No. 2  
yellow, 47 1/2c for No. 3 yellow, 48c  
for No. 2 mixed, and 47 1/2c for No. 3.  
The Liverpool market was steady with  
fair demand on Saturday. The following  
are the latest cable quotations from Liver-  
pool: Spot mixed, 4s. 11d per cental; Fe-  
bruary delivery at 4s. 11d; March at 4s.  
10 1/2d., and April at 4s. 10 1/2d. per cental.

**OATS.**

The receipts at this point for the week were  
22,074 bu., against 9,236 bu. the previous  
week, and 8,289 bu. for the corresponding  
week last year. The shipments for the week  
were 872 bu. against 2,730 the previous  
week, and 2,510 bu. for same week in  
1887. The visible supply of this grain on  
Jan. 28 was 5,510,335 bu., against 5,590,390  
bu. the previous week, and 5,698,040 at the  
corresponding date in 1887. The visible  
supply shows a decrease of 79,754 bu.  
for the week indicated. Stocks held  
in store here amount to 20,005 bu., against  
14,145 bu. the previous week, and 12,535  
bu. at the corresponding date in 1887. Oats  
have ruled dull the past week, and values  
are lower, especially on mixed grades, than  
those reported a week ago. No. 2 white  
are steady at 36 1/2c per bu., light mixed at  
35 1/2c, and No. 2 mixed dull at 34 1/2c @ 34 3/4c.  
The Chicago market is in about the same  
condition as our own, the tone dull, busi-  
ness quiet, and values on spot generally a  
shade lower. No. 2 mixed sold at 29 1/2c  
for spot, and 33c for May delivery. By  
sample sales were on the basis of 31c for  
No. 2 mixed, 32 1/2c for No. 3 white, and  
33 1/2c for No. 2 white. The New York  
market has ruled steady all week, and  
at the close was firm with values  
showing very little change. Quotations there  
are as follows: No. 2 white, 41 1/4 @ 42 1/4c;  
No. 3 white, 39 1/4 @ 41c; No. 2 mixed, 38 1/2  
@ 41c. In futures No. 2 mixed for Fe-  
bruary at 38 1/2 @ 38 3/4c, and May at 39 1/2 @ 39 3/4c.  
Western sold at 41 1/4 @ 41 1/2c for No. 2 white,  
and 37 1/4 @ 41c for mixed.

**DAIRY PRODUCTS.**

**BUTTER.**

The market shows no change in values.  
Good butter is not in large supply, and the  
receipts are hardly equal to the demand. Of  
the medium and lower grades there is more  
than sufficient to supply wants for this class  
of stock. Fair dairy and creamery butter  
sell well, but choice sales much better, and  
frequently at an advance over quo-  
tations. Quotations range as follows:  
Fines: Fine packed dairy, 30 @ 31c; cream-  
ery, 18 @ 19c; medium to good dairy rolls,  
16 @ 18c; medium to good dairy rolls,  
15 @ 17c; creamery, 26 @ 28c, the latter for  
choice. The Chicago market is steady.  
Much of the butter arriving is off-flavored  
because the cream had been frozen before  
churning, and for such the market is dull.  
Fine goods, including choice dairies, which  
are scarce, are meeting with fair sale at for-  
mer prices. Quotations were as follows: Fair  
Elgin creamery, 30 @ 31c per lb; fine Iowa,  
Wisconsin and Illinois do, 25 @ 27c; fair  
to good do, 18 @ 23c; low grades, 14 @ 16c;  
fancy dairies, 22 @ 24c; fair to good do, 17 @  
21c; common and packing stock, 12 @ 14c;  
13c; roll butter, 16 1/2 @ 17 1/2c; grease, 7 @ 8c. At  
New York the market has ruled quiet all  
week with a tendency to weakness owing to lib-  
eral receipts. The fancy grades of western  
have declined slightly, and all grades show  
weakness. The *N. Y. Daily Bulletin* says  
of the market:

"The market for all grades of creamery  
butter continues to present a dull and weak  
appearance. Receipts have been rather  
free, and nearly all receivers claimed more  
or less surplus. Fancy Pennsylvania has  
come forward freely, and 33c the very top  
for finest, with a good many showing de-  
fects, which are offering at 30c and under.  
Elgin has been in ample supply, with 33c  
as high as possible to reach, except for  
special marks in a small way to a regular  
trade. Western, other than Elgin, contin-  
ues plenty, and nearly all showing more  
or less cold weather defects. Really fancy  
continues scarce, but 30 @ 31c all that can be  
reached for the best. There is some can-  
nor goods showing merit at 24 @ 26c; but the  
bulk are so seriously defective that buyers  
cannot use them. State dairy is quiet but  
holders firm, especially on fancy goods,  
which are scarce. Imitation creamery and  
Western dairy held steadily. High grade

factory scarce and firm, with a car load  
reported sold at 25c, of a special mark."  
Quotations in that market on Saturday  
were as follows:

**EASTERN STOCK.**

Creamery, State, tubs.	21	22
Creamery, State, fancy.	22	23
Creamery, Penn., fancy.	22	23
Creamery, prime.	22	23
Creamery, good.	22	23
Creamery, fair.	22	23
Creamery, Western.	22	23
State dairy, tubs, fair.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, good.	20	21
State dairy, tubs, ordinary.	17	18
State dairy, tubs, prime.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, fair.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, good.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, ordinary.	17	18
State dairy, tubs, prime.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, fair.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, good.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, ordinary.	17	18
State dairy, tubs, prime.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, fair.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, good.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, ordinary.	17	18
State dairy, tubs, prime.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, fair.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, good.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, ordinary.	17	18
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State dairy, tubs, ordinary.	17	18
State dairy, tubs, prime.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, fair.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, good.	19	20
State dairy, tubs, ordinary.	17	18
State dairy, tubs, prime.	19	2







## Poetry.

## I DINNA KEN WHAT HAS COME O'ER ME.

"I dinna ken what has come o'er me,  
The days are so wondrous lang;  
The glory is out o' the sunshin,  
The work that used to go wi' me  
The hilt is out o' my sang.  
Is done wi' a sigh and a tear,  
My heart that was as light as a linnet's  
Is heavy wi' many a fear."

The dew on the bonny gowan,  
The "loo" o' the milking kye,  
The making o' cheese and butter,  
Who liked them better than I?  
The work o' the day was easy,  
For the gloaming laid before me,  
But since I am out wi' Robin  
I dinna ken what has come o'er me."

"I dinna ken what has come o'er me,"  
Said Robin, "sowing the wheat;  
"I used to think a things bonnie,  
And living and working was sweet;  
The work o' the farm went wi' me,  
My heart was merry and light;  
I think I will e'en to the dairy  
And speer after Jenny to-night."

"Oh, Robin! Oh, Robin! How can I ye?"  
"Oh, Jenny, you're dearest and best."  
He held out his hands and she took them,  
Then she was clasped to his breast.  
Oh, then, but the meadow was sweet!  
The milking was easy and glad!  
And home through the gloaming they went,  
The happiest lassie and lad!"

Now Jenny sings in the dairy,  
And light is the sound of her feet,  
While Robin merrily whistles,  
Busily sowing the wheat.  
The work in the house is easy,  
The work in the field is light,  
For when love in the heart is true,  
The work of the hand goes right."

—Little E. Barr.

## DEAR HEART, BELIEVE.

Dear heart, believe I think of you  
When evening's gray shuts out the blue,  
In the slow hours of middle night,  
And when the lamens of the light  
Pierce the mists of darkness through.  
Naught can the days of absence do  
When love is strong and hearts are true,  
To blur with change affection's trace.  
Dear heart, believe!

If sudden Death between us drew  
The veil that hides from earthly view  
The much-loved face, the clearer sight  
Would still discern in Death's despite;  
Beyond the veil can Love pursue,  
Dear heart, believe!

—Oscar Fay Adams.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE EMMA-JANE VERBENA.

Mrs. Pease was fond of flowers. She liked them in masses, in a cracked white pitcher, and she admired what she called a "set bouquet"—such as her son Orrin carried Sunday evenings to his sweetheart, Miss Abby Swift, over in the "Centre."

Best of all, she loved them growing in the garden.

Mrs. Pease spent hours over them, weeding, tracing, clipping, watering, unweariedly. Her bent figure could be seen all summer long moving lovingly about the narrow paths, hanging patiently over the brilliant beds. The flowers repaid her in many ways. They filled the air with sweetness, they seemed to smile and nod to her through storm and sunshine, they seemed quite human in their silent grace. She called them all by name, often in grateful memory of some friend, generally for the giver of the plant or precious shrub from which the blossoms sprang so thriftily.

Her son, too, felt an interest in the garden. He shared her pride in the luscious roses and geraniums, he liked to see his mother's sunbonnet bobbing among the bushes or bending intently to the ground. He was interested in the "Liddy Ann pink," and so, licentious as to the growth of the "Amandy chrysanthemum."

"I do declare," said Mrs. Pease, one summer evening, "that Marthailly does look dreadful peaked, just like the Ponds. I kinder hate to see it after one of 'em, but I see that she was going to bed badly if I didn't, so I did. Now look at it, all yellow and droopin'. Seems as if there was a sort of sympathy between 'em."

Orrin was a youth of few words. He looked interested, but said nothing.

"There's that 'Betsey peony,'" continued his mother, walking slowly down the path, "how it does grow! Great strapping thing. Every time I look at it, a standing up so peart and sassy, I think of Betsey in her red Jersey."

"How's the verbena, mother?" said Orrin, taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"The Emma-Jane?" said Mrs. Pease, stooping over a plant whose little flowers spreading out in all directions, promised to cover a large space with pure blossoms.

"It's a growin' beautifully," and she sighed.

Her son looked serious for a moment then knocked the ashes from his pipe and straightened up to his full height of six feet, a handsome, stalwart young fellow in his shirt sleeves, with his sun-burned face freshly shaved.

"I guess I'll go over to the Centre," he said.

He went into the house silently, and the good woman, picking a dead cinnamon rose to pieces, said in a low voice:

"I hope to mercy she'll be good enough for her and not one of your flighty kind. I s'pose she'll like a 'boquet'."

feelings. At each side of the path the blossoms leaned toward her, filling the air with their sweet breath, as if reminding her:

"We are always here. We never leave you."

"No more you do," said the simple woman, understanding them. And then she too picked a bit of the white verbena.

"Sweet creature," she whispered, "just as innocent and sweet as Emma Jane herself."

Meanwhile through the scented evening walked Orrin with his big bouquet. His honest heart was full of tender anticipations. Would she be out in the yard watching for him? Would she smile with the look in her eyes he loved to see there? Or would she be unaccountably shy and cool, seem surprised to see him, and take his offering indifferently? Somehow he fancied that his mother had always been straightforward and easy to understand.

Abby was different—all spirit and change; one minute wild wild merriment, the next quiet, inscrutable, "mad," perhaps.

"'Twill take more than a garden to satisfy her, I guess," he thought, half-amused, half-tender. "God bless her," he added, reverently.

She was watching for him with all her soul in her great, dark eyes. She was thinking, with a pang, how late he was; then a sickening fear flashed over her; perhaps he might not come at all! Suddenly her heart leaped; a dimness clouded her sight. She tried to still with one hand that beating in her breast. He was coming. Ah, she would know him among ten thousand, with his broad shoulders and his springing step. She leaned against the window frame and watched him with a kindling eye.

When he opened the gate she was in the kitchen; by the time he had reached the door she had gained the woodshed.

Deacon Swift answered his knock.

"Good evenin'," he said politely.

"Good evenin'," said Orrin. "Is Abby to home?"

"Gaes likely; step in."

And the deacon opened the parlor door invitingly.

Orrin walked in over the red-carpeted "entry" into the dark and sacred "best room." An indescribable odor, musty, herby, close, pervaded it, an odor peculiar to New England village parlors. The haircloth chairs and sofa stood stiffly on the red and yellow ingrain covering of the floor, the marble-topped centre-table bore a lamp and a few cherished books; the mantel-piece with shells, daguerotypes, and wax flowers. A row of family photographs and a wedding certificate in a black walnut frame adorned the walls and green paper shades covered the windows. The deacon tied up one of them, saying:

"The wimmin folks hain't been in here lately, I guess, to judge from appearances."

"Abby, Abby."

Abby appeared, demure and calm.

"Good evenin', Orrin," she said, "nice evenin'?"

"Yes, I walked over, seen' 'twas so pleasant. I've brought you some flowers, Abby."

"Oh, ain't they pretty! Your mother does have the handsomest flowers of any one I know," she said, so admiringly that her lover blushed with pleasure.

"I'm glad you like 'em, Abby."

"How is your mother?" she next asked him, as she put her bouquet in a china vase, painted with pink and yellow roses.

"She's well," he replied, watching her trying to lift the vase to its place on the "what-not." That's too heavy for you," he cried, jumping up and trying to help her.

He was more silent than ever; and she wondered, but asked no questions. She tried to cheer him up in every way she knew. She made up many different kinds of pies as possible—lemon, custard, berry, and apple. She even concocted an imitation mince turnover—but it was useless. He tasted them all with an absent look in his blue eyes, pushed away his plate and sighed.

"It does beat all," she thought. "I've done my best. Doughnuts won't rouse him up, and blackberry puddin' hain't no effect. I'll try a huckleberry shortcake."

So she put on a pink calico sun bonnet, hauled a two quart pail over her arm, and started for the berry pasture.

"I'll go to deacon Swift's patch first," she decided. The best and sweetest always grow there."

In the fields the sun lay warm on sweet fern and on vines. A scent, born of ripening fruit, and wild-wood green things basking in the warmth, filled all the air. The apple-trees stood each in a little "pool of shade." The summer's spicy breeze swept over weeds and grasses with a languid sigh of pleasure.

Mrs. Pease bent above the loaded bushes, a patient, homely figure. The hard, black huckleberries rattled like hail into the tin receptacle, and while her fingers moved, she thought:

"'Tain't much use, after all. That Abby Swift, she's at the bottom of it with her trinitin' ways. I'd like to give her a piece of my mind."

With the thought a shadow fell across the grass and a slim young figure stood beside her in a white sun bonnet and a black gingham gown; an girl unmistakably erect and trim. The pink and white bonnets confronted each other. Two kindly, dim eyes peered out from the one, two sorrowful, dark ones from the other. Mrs. Pease had turned with anger in her heart; when she saw the girl's pale cheeks and altered look she softened.

"Why, Abby, for the land's sake, where did you drop from?"

"I came down to pick berries for tea."

"How's your mother?" and the good woman put on her spectacles for a closer look at her companion.

"She's tolerable well," said Abby, listlessly.

"'Pa well?" continued Mrs. Pease, regarding the girl sharply.

"Pretty well," said Abby.

"And how are you, child? Seems to me you ain't a looking very peart."

"I'm all right," said Miss Swift promptly.

"Huckleberries is plenty this year," she added.

"Orrin ain't right well just now," said the old lady after a pause.

The girl's hand trembled, half the berries she held fell on the ground.

"What's the matter with him?" she said, in a low voice. "I ain't seen him lately," she said defiantly.

"No, I know you ain't," said Mrs. Pease with decision. "Whose fault is it?"

"'Tain't mine," said Abby, twitching a bush towards her.

"'Tain't his, I know for sartin'," said the mother, rattling her tin pail. "He's the most sot in his feelings of anybody I ever see. There ain't no change in him. The gal that gets Orrin Pease 'll get a dreadful good husband. And the gal that trifles with him'll live to repent it. He ain't one to be took off and on like an old shoe, I can tell you, Abby Swift, and the time may come when he can't be got back no ways."

"Who wants him back?" cried Abby, her face in a blaze. "Not I, for one," and she burst into tears. Between her sobs she managed to say: "You think he ain't—the trinitin'—kind. I know—better. He's been a-keeping company with me—and all the time—he cares—for—another—girl. He's good as said so."

High up among the Tuscan Mountains, not far from the borders of Lombardy, is a tiny hamlet called Platiceo. It has a church, and the few strangers who visit the quiet little nook and enter the humble sanctuary wonder at the handsome lace decorating her Madonna's blue silk petticoat. All the rest of the ornamentation is so tawdry and poor that the delicate fabric looks strangely out of place. How came it there? Is a question the old woman who unlocks the door is proud to answer.

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed Mrs. Pease, nearly dropping her pail. I hain't never heard of no such a girl; what be you thinkin' of, Abby Swift? It's you, and nobody else, he's been a follerin' after these two years. Ef ever a man was dead sot on havin' a gal, and that gal you, it's Orrin. Why, he'll smile just to see your pa's old white horse a comin' down the road; he's fairly tickled to death to see that critter amblin' along. There, child, for the land's sake, don't get no such foolish notion in your head. Only be good to him; I beg and pray of ye to be good to him. He is dreadful tender-hearted and faithful, Orrin is, and the old lady put her worn, thin hand on the girl's shoulder and looked at her beseechingly.

With a cry, Abby flung her arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Good to him?" she said, brokenly.

"Oh, Lord, good to him!" and then she turned and fled away over the frightened grass, as fast as she could go.

At six o'clock the huckleberry shortcake lay smoking, and liberally sprinkled with sugar, on Mrs. Pease's tea-table. Orrin helped his mother to a large slice. As he handed it to her, she said:

"I picked them over in Deacon Swift's pasture. Abby was there a-pickin', too."

Orrin looked up sharply. "Was she?" he said.

"She looks dreadful peaked," declared his mother.

"Sick, mother?"

"Yes, real sick. I don't know, Orrin, why she thinks so, but she's got an idee that there's another girl you're a-keepin' company with. I done my best to prove to her there weren't. I think likely you'd better kind o' explain to her yourself."

"Another girl?" cried Orrin, frowning.

"Oh, mother?"

"There, eat your supper and then go over to the Centre. 'Tain't best to let such things spoil your appetite."

"Save my supper, mother, I'm off now."

"But, Orrin, a leetle more shortcake, do—bless my heart, how dreadful foolish young folk is."

The Swifts were all at the table, the deacon, his wife, Abby and her brother, and the hired man. They looked up surprised when Orrin knocked. There was no bouquet in his hand this time, as he waited in the dim, close parlor. As Abby came slowly in, he met her with a determined look on his face.

"Get your hat and take a walk with me," he said, quietly, yet so firmly, that she never thought of disobeying. Without another word they left the house, walked down

the silent street, passed a few shut-up houses and out to where there was space and solitude. Then he stopped and looked at her gravely.

"Tell me," he said, "did you think I'd ever cared for any one but you?"

Her face dropped before his gaze. At last she nodded sadly.

"For heaven's sake, who?" he demanded.

"Emma-Jane!" came the answer. There was a moment's silence between them.

"Oh, Abby!" he cried, "come and see Emma-Jane with me. Come now!"

The girl shrank away. "No, no," she faltered. I couldn't. "You wear her flowers. You think they're too fine for me. You—"

"Yes; I do love them. Come," and he drew her hand through his arm and held it there. Still she resisted him. He stopped short, clasped her reluctant hand firmly, and said in a voice that shook:

"I swear to you, my love, I've never cared for any girl but you, Abby."

"Then, why?"

"Come, trust me, and I'll show you why."

They walked along through the soft evening light. The hills lay bathed in sunset splendor; above them shone a strip of palest amber sky. Everything seemed strangely hushed and peaceful. Even the village graveyard wore a sweet, restful aspect as they passed through its gateway. Over the quiet sleepers the grass waved gently, field flowers nestled lovingly about the headstones, and wild strawberry vines clasped the graves with clinging fingers. In a distant corner a hemlock tree sighed above a little green bed; on whose small slab was

"EMMA-JANE."

AGED FOUR YEARS AND ONE MONTH.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And over the tiny mound spread and wandered, like an exquisitely embroidered pall, the stately blossoms of a white verbena.

Orrin took off his hat and stood beside the grave.

"You see," said he, in a low tone, "Emma-Jane and me were great friends. I played with her. I made her boats and whistles. I took her flowers when she was sick and dyin'. She'd hold 'em in her little hands, and smile and thank me, poor little girl. She come to our house once when you was away to school; like enough you never heard about her. She wasn't here long. Mother took care of her. She was my cousin Lucinda's child, left alone without a home, and mother took her. We loved her like she'd been always with us. And we named a plant we've got to home the Emma-Jane verbena 'cause she was fond of it."

Abby was crying softly. He put his arm around her.

"I thought," he added, "that night, when you was a kissin' the flower, 'twarn't a lucky thing for you to do, seen' she'd dropped and died so easy. It seemed as if 'twas a bad sign when we was makin' promises for life, my love."

The girl, in her impulsive way, sank down by the little grave. She flung her arms across it, and her tears fell fast on the little white, radiant blossoms. Orrin knelt beside her, and tried to draw her towards him.

"We shan't never misunderstand each other again, Abby!" he whispered.

"No, Orrin, never!"

And they, each with other hushed, as children kiss who have quarrelled and "made up."—Grace Winthrop, in the St. Louis Republic.

## CROCIFFISSA'S LACE.

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"Sick, mother?"

"Yes, real sick. I don't know, Orrin, why she thinks so, but she's got an idee that there's another girl you're a-keepin' company with. I done my best to prove to her there weren't. I think likely you'd better kind o' explain to her yourself."

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enough to marry him, knowing all about his crime. This poor, weak thing died when Crocifissa was born, and the child's life has been so wretched it seems a pity she did not die, too."

"Are they so poor?"

" Miserably; and because of the father's disgrace everybody shuns the daughter. Cruel, isn't it? But that is the way of the world. I should make one exception when I say every one turns the cold shoulder upon her. Perhaps the saddest part of Crocifissa's history is that she has a lover whom she can scarcely ever hope to marry."

"Is he so poor, too?"

"Dio mio! yes. His name is Remo, a very good fellow, but no luck. He makes a little money with his donkey, carrying fruit and vegetables to the hotel at Abete, but he has a blind old mother to help and he can save nothing. Crocifissa earns a few francs spinning and knitting stockings, and the profits from the sheep put a scanty supply of bread into the mouths of the convict and his daughter and keep a crazy roof over their heads. Crocifissa can make beautiful lace, but she hurt her eyes at it, and a doctor told her she would go blind if she made any more."

"She has such lovely eyes!" said Amy enthusiastically.

"Yes, with a bit of happiness to brighten her she would be the prettiest girl in these parts. As it is, her good looks are little use, poor thing."

"Can't Remo hit upon a more paying business than donkey driving?" I ask.

"He wishes to go down to the Maremma, where he would get good wages and be able to put by a little, but Crocifissa will not hear of it. She is right I think, for Remo is not strong, and the marsh fever would be sure to carry him off. Few people have been kind to the girl, and no dog ever loved his master as Crocifissa loves Remo."

"Poor girl! what a pity they can not make each other happy!"

"If they had a little capital, 200 or 300 francs, to hire and furnish a room, they could manage to live; but 100 franc pieces do not fall from the clouds."

Life at Platiceo being dull and bare of incident, we felt much interested in Crocifissa's story and cultivated her acquaintance upon every occasion. She gave us flowers and berries gathered in pretty little baskets improvised by herself from chestnut leaves, and with her eyes bent shyly on her knitting talked to us of her simple, uneventful life. When Remo, her lover, was under discussion, which was frequently the case, Crocifissa's large eyes glowed with a soft, happy light, and she became beautiful. But the brightness vanished again quickly at memory of the sordid misery encompassing them both. How we longed to be able to give the poor girl the paltry sum which would change her dull surroundings into a paradise.

price of her lace, and dismissed her at once by him, when, on second thought, he decided to detain her.

"You had better go and thank the lady for her kindness yourself," she said, "it looks more civil."

Crocifissa was shown into Mrs. Webster's room, a marvel of ornamentation from all parts of the globe and of various centuries, more or less authentic. Mrs. Webster had an idolatrous fondness for all things antique; a hideous jug with a crack upon its dirt-grained sides was lovelier in her eyes than the most skillfully worked vase of modern times. She willingly paid fabulous prices for rubbish of a bygone day, but was impleased if she discovered frauds in the dates of apparently antique treasures.

In very bad Italian she addressed Crocifissa, who, not understanding, replied in a few words, which the elder lady also failed to catch. The interview being rather a trying one for both parties, Mrs. Webster was about to end it by dismissing Crocifissa, when the girl's next words, understood this time, alas! all too plainly, riveted her attention.

"What did you say?" she exclaimed, a spark of something like anger glowing in eyes.

"If the signora would like some narrow lace of the same pattern, I would try to make it. My eyes are better now than when I did that wide piece," repeated Crocifissa.

"Do you mean to say that you made this lace?" said Mrs. Webster, with suppressed rage.

"Yes, signora; why not?"

Crocifissa regarded the now infuriated lady with blank amazement; she had expected praise for her handiwork, instead of these flaming eyes bent angrily upon her.

Mrs. Webster rang the bell with sharp violence and demanded the instant presence of the padrone. "How dare you," she cried, as he appeared, "try to cheat me so outrageously!"

The padrone, mystified as was Crocifissa at the lady's excitement, stared at her in helpless silence. Presently he found voice enough to falter, "I do not understand; will the signora please to explain?"

"You finished rascal, you know very well what I mean! You showed me this lace, letting me believe that it was old, and now this girl—she is innocent enough—confesses that she made it herself. What have you to say for yourself, sir?"

"Dio mio! Why—I thought—but it is old, signora—behold, it is quite dirty. I feared the signora would desire a fresher piece, but my heart was light when she seemed to wish to have it old. The signora did not mention how old it must be, hence this misunderstanding, which I regret deeply."

If occasionally tempted into falsehood, like the most of his kind, the padrone on this occasion spoke the truth. He was a simple fellow, ignorant of the craze of the elegant world for antiques; he had not troubled himself to enquire the history of Crocifissa's lace, but had satisfied his conscience by asking its value of an old woman of the village, an authority in such matters.

But the irate Mrs. Webster was not to be appeased. The padrone had tried to cheat her as egregiously as any hardened rogue in the lowest of junk shops. "Here," to Crocifissa, "take your lace; I have changed my mind, and will not have it!" and she tossed the dirty work into a basket on the girl's arm.

"But, signora!" cried the poor child, bursting into tears, and extending both hands imploringly.

"Leave the room at once, both of you!" said Mrs. Webster, callously. "I can not have a scene here. The way of the transgressor is hard, you know, and you must take the consequence of your evil deeds."

Poor Crocifissa! how she retraced her tired steps to Platiceo, empty handed, with the unlucky lace in her basket, she never knew. The situation was really deplorable—all the necessities for their humble house, keeping almost in their possession, the rooms engaged, and not a franc to pay for anything. The little community was loud in its expressions of rage at the inhuman woman who had so deceived Crocifissa, but this mended matters not at all.

A day or two later Remo sought us out, despair on his handsome face. Crocifissa was ill, of grief only, but so low and miserable that Remo feared the worst. The poor girl was really in a pitiable state, and after our visit to the hotel where she lived, Amy and I declared we would not set another sunset before we had tried to set on foot some project that might benefit the unhappy child.



## AN UNTIMELY THOUGHT.

Through on the snow the moonlight lies,  
A gleam of light in Fanny's eyes.  
Her Edward sees.  
And, as she smiles close beside  
Him, fondly give his future bride  
Another squeeze.

The music of the tinkling bells,  
Unheard by them, their rapture tells,  
And when their steed—  
May be to hear the lovers' talk—  
Drops down into a lazy walk—  
They take no heed.

They jingle on in perfect bliss,  
Exclaiming now and then a kiss,  
As lovers will.  
Till Edward sees in sad dismay,  
And wonders how he'll ever pay,  
The stable bill.

## Exquisite Gems.

The finest garnets in the world are those found in Gallup, New Mexico, Fort Defiance, A. T., and Helena, M. T. They are often associated with the olive green and green peridot called "Job's tears" on the surface of the ant-hills, where they are carried not only by the ants, but also by the scorpions. They are there called "Cape rubies". Although the garnets found in the diamond mines at the Cape of Good Hope are the same as these, and perhaps by daylight equal to them, there are undoubtedly no garnets found that appear better in the evening and by artificial light than those from the United States. The dark color of the Cape garnets remains in artificial light, whereas the American garnets show only the clear blood-red hues. The color of these is usually a rich red, but very often a purple or amethystine, and sometimes approaching to the tint of honey. Many thousand dollars' worth of these garnets have been discovered. They are rarely larger than three carats each. Fine garnets are also found in North Carolina, Pennsylvania and New England.

The tourmalines from Maine have long enjoyed a world-wide renown as the finest known. Crystals over eight inches in length have been mined, but, unfortunately, many have been injured either by weathering or blasting. A fine white octahedron of twenty-three carats, a fine ruby-red tourmaline of over twenty carats, some green of over twenty-five carats, and a large number of almost all conceivable colors are in the Hamilton and Shepard collections. The former contains the finest series of this gem in the world, and would furnish full suits for a dozen cabinets. At this locality are crystals of tourmaline at one end, shading into green, then light green, and finally red at the other end. We find here also the interesting occurrence of a green tourmaline crystal enclosing a white one, within which is a red or blue center. The gems from this locality would amount to many thousands of dollars in value. Auburn, Me., has also furnished a number of light blue and pink gems, but none over ten carats in weight. Explorations of Newcomb, N. Y., during the last summer brought to light many fine brown and yellowish crystals, some weighing several carats, which are the finest yet discovered in this country, and closely resemble the brown gems from Carinthia, Austria.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## Swiss Homes.

A correspondent of the *Cornhill Magazine*, writing on the domestic business life of the Swiss, says:

"Since the application of the Code Napoleon to Switzerland, families may be regarded as joint-stock companies, managed by the parents for the common benefit. It is known that when both parents die, the estate will be divided into equal portions among the children, boys and girls alike. A family, therefore, which is drawn from the estate by sons and daughters for extraordinary purposes, is debited against them. If a boy, for instance, elects to be a doctor, he anticipates his share in the eventual division. All labor expended by them on the estate is reckoned to their credit. If a boy stays at home and works like a farm servant, he acquires a future claim in proportion to his service rendered. It is for the interest of each member to pay off debts upon the property or to increase its value. Consequently, when a son goes out into the world, after his education has been completed, it is expected of him to repay a portion of his earnings to the family fund. This stands in lieu of work he might have done at home, and also a recognition of his early rearing. The precise amount to be thus contributed by individuals is determined by feeling an instinct more than by any fixed rule. The system cannot have the exactitude of a mercantile concern; yet it approximates to that standard. The result is that both sons and daughters in a Swiss family feel it their duty either to discharge personal functions in the home or else to send a part of their gains yearly back to the common stock. Not unfrequently a son gives the father or mother all that he has made for several years. If he has received advances from the family estate he applies his savings to the repayment of this loan. But the time comes when he thinks himself justified in founding a private estate. Then he opens an account at the bank; and from that moment forward his expenditure is more economical, his profits sensibly increase. So important is the principle laid down by Aristotle that social institutions depend upon the things men own and love as their particular possessions.

"The relations in which Swiss people stand to their *Gemeinde* (Commune), and to their family, determine their conduct in a very remarkable degree. Witherspoon they go in the world, wherever occupation they engage in, they never lose that tie of interest, as well as of sympathy, which binds them to their birthplace. It is there, if the worst comes to the worst, that they have rights of maintenance. It is there, that when the old folk die, they can reckon on some scrap or shred of the fields bequeathed in boyhood. Consequently they only emigrate for a season, with the object of amassing capital; and after running adventures in all parts of Europe, they most frequently marry a woman in their own village. The Swiss rarely become colonists in our Anglo-Saxon sense of the word. They rarely build up large fortunes. What they want to do is to make money, and to come back better off than their neighbors who stayed at home. They are modest in their desires, for a very moderate amount of wealth places them in

a superior position among their kindred. Such being their scheme of conduct, they naturally prefer to take a home-bred girl for a wife. She will appreciate the goods of fortune they have won; she will not be above the services demanded from a house-keeper. She will inherit something to be added to her husband's property. With more ease and comfort than they enjoyed in boyhood, they look forward to renewing the old round of homely joys and duties. This abnegation of vulgar ambitions, this piety for the past, this contentment with the solid things of the world, demand our respect. The social institutions of the commune and the family, as they are framed in Switzerland, contribute largely to the state of things I have described. We must also make allowance for the sense of personal dignity, inalienable from a Swiss burgher, who in his own place has no superior, and who is eligible to the highest political offices of his national government. But I am fain to imagine, that over and above all these considerations, the romance of the Swiss mountains has something to do in creating this attachment of their people to its soil."

## St. Patrick's Day.

It is St. Patrick's Day, and the winds are blowing strong enough to blow the good Saint away, were it not that he was a good, sound Presbyterian, and therefore able to stand his ground against all the winds that the Pagan Eolus and the semi-Pagan Pope could let loose upon him. As Protestants, we owe a debt of gratitude to our "Irish brethren" for their zeal in celebrating the memory of a good Presbyterian pastor.

True, our Irish friends, with characteristic blundering, have got things a little upside down in this matter. For a long time they cracked one another's skulls in rivalry about his birthday. One party asserted that the Saint was born on the 5th of March; the other party demonstrated with good oaken shillalaws that he was born on the 9th. Several methods were suggested for composing so great a strife. One method assumed that the blessed Saint uttered his first cry just as the clock had ticked the close of the 5th, and before it had ticked the beginning of the 9th, and thus that he was born on neither the 5th nor the 9th. This solution was rejected by both parties, for then they said, "the blessed saint, who was worthy of two birthdays, had no birthday at all, and then the snakes and frogs would have had niver a banishment from the Emerald Isle at all!" A venerable Irish priest settled the question for his parish by the shrewd deliverance that both parties were right. He was born on the 5th and 9th too, and this was a way, for indeed the blessed Saint was a twin!" At length, however, an Irish Pope was elected, and the question being referred to him, he, on consultation with his infallibility, discovered that both parties were wrong. By some chronological mishap the date had been split asunder, and one party had got hold of one fragment—the 5th—and the other the 9th, and all they had to do was to recombine the fragments, and they would have the 17th! Thus the obscurity vanished, and the whole mystery became as clear as mud. From that hour all dispute ceased.

Emerging, however, from this Hibernian mist into the light of history, we find reason to believe that Saint Patrick was born in Scotland about 375, and that he introduced into Ireland the form of doctrine and discipline then prevalent in his native country. What this was, and how innocent of Romanism, we learn from the statement of Archbishop Usher, to the effect that he founded 365 bishoprics, and ordained 365 bishops and 3,000 presbyters—eight presbyters or elders to each bishop. In other words, in each parish there was one pastor and a body of about eight ruling elders—a good, old-fashioned Scotch Presbyterian system.—*Rev. Dr. W. P. Breun.*

## Canned Goods.

The *Grocer's Chronicle* insists that the fact that canned goods are cooked goods cannot be too widely known or carefully remembered by users. They are not put up in vessels from which they are to be eaten when convenient to consumer, but are only packed in tins in order to preserve them. No canned goods are guaranteed to keep fresh and remain sound for a number of days after being opened. When opened a portion of his earnings to the family fund. This stands in lieu of work he might have done at home, and also a recognition of his early rearing. The precise amount to be thus contributed by individuals is determined by feeling an instinct more than by any fixed rule. The system cannot have the exactitude of a mercantile concern; yet it approximates to that standard. The result is that both sons and daughters in a Swiss family feel it their duty either to discharge personal functions in the home or else to send a part of their gains yearly back to the common stock. Not unfrequently a son gives the father or mother all that he has made for several years. If he has received advances from the family estate he applies his savings to the repayment of this loan. But the time comes when he thinks himself justified in founding a private estate. Then he opens an account at the bank; and from that moment forward his expenditure is more economical, his profits sensibly increase. So important is the principle laid down by Aristotle that social institutions depend upon the things men own and love as their particular possessions.

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A Good Thing for Boys.

Manual training is one of the few good things that are good for everybody. It is good for the rich boy, to teach him respect for the dignity of beautiful work. It is good for the poor boy, to increase his facility for handling tools; if tools prove to be the thing he must handle for a living afterward. It is good for the bookish boy, to draw him away from books. But, most of all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, in showing him that there is something he can do well. The boy utterly unable, even if he were studious, to keep up in book-knowledge and percentage with the brighter boys, becomes discouraged, dull and moody. Let

him go to the work room for an hour, and find that he can make a box or plane a rough piece of board as well as the brighter scholar, nay, very likely better than his brighter neighbor, and you have given him an impulse of self-respect that is of untold benefit to him when he goes back to his studies. He will be a brighter and a better boy for finding out something that he can do well. Mind you, it is not planning the board that does him good; it is planning the board in the presence of other boys who can no longer look down upon him when they see how well he can plane. He might go home after school and plane a board in the bosom of his family, or go to an evening school to learn to plane, without a quarter part, nay, without any, of the invaluable effect upon his manhood that it will have to let him plane side by side with those who in mental attainments may be his superiors.—*American Magazine.*

## A New Grape Insect.

A short old man in rather rusty attire, with a long gray beard, yellow in streaks, and an amful of Christmas bundles, wandered through the Fulton market on Thursday afternoon and stopped at a wagon where baskets of grapes were displayed for sale. "Here you are," yelled the proprietor, pointing to open baskets of fruit, "the best Concordas, Catawbas, and Delaware in the market, for half the price you pay inside."

The small man stepped up and shifting his bundles so as to free his turkey arm, he meditatively pulled off a large grape from a bunch in a basket of Concordas. Having devoured that, he tried a Delaware, and then a Catawba, and began on the Concordas again.

"How much for grapes?" said the latter laconically, eating a Delaware.

"Forty cents a basket."

"Too much," said the short man, stowing away two more Concordas.

"Are you a wholesaler?" inquired the vender.

"No."

"Own a vineyard perhaps, and make wine?"

"No."

"Where did you learn to eat grapes?"

"Over'n Jersey."

"Well, see here, old man, I reckon you've eat about a pound, and you fork over nine cents, or I'll tie that beard of yours into a bow knot, and then you caper back to Jersey; we don't want no grape insect ravaging 'round here."

"Where They Never Feel the Cold."

"Yes," remarked the St. Paul man to a friend from Chicago as he stood arrayed in his blanket suit and adjusted a couple of buckskin chest-protectors: "Yes, there is something in the air about this northwestern climate which causes a person not to notice the cold. Its extreme dryness," he continued, as he drew on a couple of extra woolen socks, a pair of Scandinavian sheep-skin boots, and some Alaska overshoes—"its extreme dryness makes a degree of cold, reckoned by the mercury, which would be unbearable in other latitudes, simply exhilarating here. I have suffered more with the cold in Michigan, for instance," he added, as he drew on a pair of goat-skin leggings, adjusted a double fur cap, and tied on some Esquimaux earmuffs—"in Michigan or Illinois, we say, with the thermometer at zero or above, than I have here with it at from 45 to 55 below. The dryness of our winter air is certainly remarkable," he went on, as he wound a couple of rods of red woolen scarf about his neck, wrapped a dozen newspapers around his body, drew on a fall-cloth overcoat, a winter-cloth overcoat, a light buffalo-skin overcoat, and a heavy polar-bear skin overcoat: "No, if you have never enjoyed our glorious Minnesota winter climate with its dry atmosphere, its bright sunshine, and invigorating ozone you would scarcely believe some things I could tell you about it. The air is so dry," he continued, as he adjusted his leather nose protector, drew on his reindeer-skin mittens, and carefully closed one eyelid in the seal-skin mask he drew down from his cap—"it is so dry that actually it seems next to impossible to feel the cold at all. We can scarcely realize in the spring that we have had winter owing to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere. By the way," he went on, turning to his wife, "just bring me a couple of blankets and those bed-quilts and throw over my shoulders, and hand me that muff with the hot soap-stone in it, and now I'll take a pull at this jug of brandy and whiskey, and then if you'll have the girl bring my snow-shoes and ice-berg scaling stick, I'll step over and see them by the workmen off the top of the ice-palace who were frozen on yesterday. I tell you we wouldn't be going out this way 500 miles further south, where the air is damp and chilly. Nothing but our dry air makes it possible."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

## Superior's Cold Waters.

How cold the dark water of Lake Superior is! One evening when we were steaming across that lake I asked the mate what was done when a man fell overboard. He coolly replied, "Nothing."

"Why?" I asked, astonished at his heartlessness.

"The water of Lake Superior is so cold that a man cannot live in it during the time it takes to stop a rapidly-moving vessel and lower a boat," he replied. Then he added: "I have sailed on this lake for twenty years. During that time I have known of many men to fall off vessels. I know of only one man who escaped death. He was saved by a scratch. The others were apparently killed by the shock produced by falling into such cold water." He picked up an empty can to which a long string was attached, and cast it overboard. The can skipped from the crest of one wave to that of another for an instant, then dipped and filled. The buoy-headed mate drew the full can up and handed it to me, saying: "Take a drink of that, and then you say what you think of your chances of swimming in Lake Superior for 10 or 15 minutes." I drank deeply, and it was as though liquid ice flowed down my throat.

"It is alleged," the mate said, "that this lake never gives up its dead, that it is drowned in Lake Superior is to be buried for all time. I do not know whether this is true or not, but I do know that I have never seen a corpse floating on the lake. I wonder if this is true? I doubted it but I could find no sailor who had ever seen a dead body floating on the lake."—*N. Y. Times.*

## VARIETIES.

Rev. L. E. Brown, of Harrison, the well-known prohibition orator, at one time believed in rendering assistance where it seems to be needed. That was a few days ago. His mind has since changed in this respect.

A few days ago in Cincinnati he saw a little dirty-nosed urchin on his tip toes and trying to reach the door bell of an East Fourth Street residence. The little fellow was straining, but couldn't reach it. He looked hungry and cold, and the heart of the minister pitted the l. d. n. b. who looked h. and c.

"My man," said the minister, in a New Testament tone, "allow me to ring it for you," and the ministerial hand gave the knob a vigorous pull, while a clear-voiced little sound from the depths of the parlor. Rev. Mr. Brown turned to go, expecting an expression of gratitude from the hungry and cold little boy, but the little fellow had disappeared. Just before the door was opened a little, mischievous, straw-headed head appeared from around the corner and a childish treble piped out:

"Sey, mister, you'd better run. Them folks'll give you — when they open the door."

The lady of the house appeared, and there was a tableau.

Rev. Mr. Brown was a victim of misplaced confidence.

"Give me the best cigar you've got in your place. Me and my friends never smoke anything but the best," said an individual condescendingly to a prominent paper in New Brunswick.

"I don't care for the expense, give me the best." A box was set out, three cigars were taken from it, laid on the case and swept into the drawer. The "best" purchaser looked a little blank but as the attendant's face did not change, nor was change seen on the counter, he turned away with an uncertain smile. The reporter was turning over in his mind what a good thing it was to be rich, when the cigar man with a friendly nod, said: "Have one? That up-country boy is trying to get a handle on a show, and I've given him something to talk of for the balance of his life. He's been smoking two for five country store stogies all his life. He's come to town to see sport, and when he goes home he'll tell of smoking cigars worth \$1 apiece. This is the box it came out of. Take one." And lo and behold, the reporter viewed his favorite five-center reposing snugly before him. Verily the guile of the deceiver is amazing.

"Hold on, boys!"—A good story is told (we trust it is not very old) of Brother S., editor of a prominent paper in New Brunswick—a man full of fun and ready wit, but possessed of a solemn countenance almost as long as his figure, which tops six feet.

About Christmas-time one year some of the more juvenile members of the family—a couple of we-lads—much impressed by having recently witnessed the deception of sundry turkeys and chickens preparatory to the festive season, had beguiled the baby of the flock into the back yard, where they proceeded to "play Christmas" by one of them holding the infant's neck over a block of wood while the other stood ready to cut its head off. Just as the axe was being uplifted, S., attracted by the lusty howls of the intended victim, put in an appearance, and taking in the situation at a glance, drew out, in his usual slow and leisurely way: "Hold on! Hold on, boys! I wouldn't do that. Seems to me I heard mother say she wanted to raise that one."—*Harper's Magazine* for January.

AN AWFUL BLUNDER.—"W didn't you get up and give her your scarf," permit me to give her mine?" said a woman to her husband. They had just got of a car. The woman's face expressed great anxiety of mind.

"Why should we give her a scarf?" the husband asked. "Just because she was so richly dressed, I suppose," he added.

"Is it possible that you do not know her?" the wife exclaimed.

"Of course, I am not supposed to know every well-dressed woman that comes along."

"Oh, James! she is our cook, and I am afraid she will treasure up against us our lack of courtesy."

"Why didn't you tell me?" the husband exclaimed.

The woman did not reply, but, trembling violently, leaned heavily upon his arm.

In a country court in England, recently, there was a trial to determine the ownership of a dog. The judge couldn't make out from the evidence which claimant was the real owner, so he made one stand on each side, while an officer held the dog in the middle of the room. Then he told them both to whistle, and the officer to release the dog at the same moment. When this was done the dog bolted through the open door. "Call the next case," was all the comment the judge made, although the litigants trembled.

A TRAVELED MAN.—Mr. Overthorpe (a Cincinnati drummer)—"Yes, I've been an extensive traveler, Miss Waldo. For the last ten years I don't believe I have spent more than one month out of the twelve at home."

Miss Waldo (a young lady from Boston)—"I think traveling is so interesting, and it improves one so much, you know. You have visited Paris, Mr. Overthorpe?"

Mr. Overthorpe—No, we have another man from Kentucky; my route all lies north of the Ohio river.

Miss LILLIE GUSHINGTON—Oh, Mrs. Matron, we are going to have such fun to-night! Mrs. Matron—Indeed?

Miss L. G.—Yes. We are going to have a party, and the young gentlemen are to do knitting and sewing, and the young ladies are to knit and split kindling-wood. Won't it be just lovely?

Mrs. M. (glomously)—Jolly to saw and split kindling-wood? Well, you won't think it very jolly after you are married, and have it to do all the time.

A colored man, riding a mule, was run into by a train and pitched from the track. As soon as possible the train was stopped and the man was taken to a hospital. The result of the accident was found out. The man was found looking around in a dazed manner, and saying:

"Yo' jess go a'way! Taint worth while to come running back hyar arter me. De mule back on de track hyself, en I couldn't help it, en I nait gwine pay no damitabes 'bout nothin'!"

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD was put to bed the other night a little earlier than she herself thought desirable. Soon after she called for some water to drink, and then she said: "After eating a few spoonfuls she looked up to her father with most unconcerned air and remarked: "Papa, I believe I've heard you say it wasn't a good plan to retire immediately after eating. I guess I'll get up."

GIBBONS (who isn't handsome but thinks he is, and ogles pretty girls)—I want to get something that my wife will appreciate. Now, what would you suggest?

Saleswoman—Why don't you go into the saddler's, two doors below, and get her a pair of bladders?

## Chaff.

This is a world of compensations. The slimmer the dude the heavier the cane.

Truth should be the first lesson of the orator, and the last aspiration of manhood.—*Whittier.*

Without visible means of support—King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, is standing on his dignity.

An irritable man lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.—*Root.*

Since Jay Gould has started to visit Egypt, "it is said," the Khedive has doubled the guards around the pyramids.

To get an exact idea of the minimum rate of speed, send a Philadelphia messenger boy for a gallop out to the suburbs.

Mr. Feathers—What beautiful teeth Miss Smith has! Miss Sharpnose—Yes, I think this set much prettier than her other.

"She's still notoriously in love." "And he?" "Oh, he's perfectly submissive, as becomes a \$10 man with a \$100,000 wife."

"Tom, have you heard the news?" "No, what is it?" "The schoolmaster is dead." "Bully! Now I can wear thinner pants."

Nothing is more annoying to a young man who has a bunch of keys at the end of his watch chain than to be asked what time it is.

When the Chicago girls hung up their stockings for Christmas they were the envy of the rest of the world, but they bankrupted Santa Claus.

Why does Mr. Fangle resemble some railroads? Because his tongue goes so fast—No that's not it. It's because she lacks "terminal facilities."

Papa—Why, child, you say that your lover here last night. What is he doing for a living? Daughter—Do, papa. He doesn't do anything; he has a government position.

Traveling Salesman (to employer)—Well, I am off, Mr. Smith. Good-by, Employer—Good-by and a successful trip. And remember, Mr. Bloward, that order is heaven's first law.

The Rev. Sam Jones was so impatient as to tell a Boston audience that he did not believe in "culture with a big C." And Boston now believes in Mr. Jones with a little "i."

A paper sack is tied with shavers, and a pair of turkey's legs are then tied in the mouth of the sack, and the seductive fraud sent to the victim. It is funny, but exasperating.

First Thief—Hello, Bill, still burglarizing? Second Thief—No; I've found something safer than that. First Thief—What? You don't do no more? Second Thief—Runnin' a railroad restaurant.

"How old are you, Mary?" asked Mrs. Blank of her housemaid. "Well, mum, I'm just 24, but when I put my money in the bank I told the man I was a great deal older, so I'd get more interest on it."

Physician (to patient)—Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation should be held. Patient (too sick to care for anything)—Very well, doctor; have as many accomplices as you like.

Conductor—Samba, pull your head in at that window, mighty quick. Samba—What? The window? The window? The window? You will be knocking down a bridge presently, and the company will hold me responsible.

Merchant (to boy)—See here, I gave you a Waterbury watch on Christmas, and you never to be late again. Do you wind it up every morning? Boy—Yes, sir. Merchant—What made you late this morning? Boy—Winding it.

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